"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

BY MRS. M. C. GRANNIS.

"AM I my brother's keeper?" fell lightly from the lips of a fashionable young lady, in reply to a friend, who was advising her to dispense with wine at her birth-day party.

"But truly, Mrs. L.," continued the handsome heiress, "you don't suppose I shall hold myself accountable for the failings of any who may be present to-night? Surely no one need partake of wine, who is in danger of becoming a slave to the debasing habit of excessive drinking.

So saying, the thoughtless, though not unfeeling girl, dismissed the subject from her mind, and turned to the finishing preparations for the coming fete, with all the zest of a young heart, whose sunlight was undimmed by the shadows of care or sorrow.

Among the distinguished guests present that night was one, upon whose still youthful brow genius had placed her signet, whose soul was filled with love for the beautiful and exalted; a love so intense as to permeate his whole being, and bind him a willing captive to its powers. It was this that had tipt his pen with true poetic fire, and with an eloquence as rare as it was glowing, which had won for him a name destined to live when the ephemerals that fluttered in the sunlight of the partial *present*, were sunk in the waves of oblivion's cold river.

Yet, though so highly endowed by nature and self culture, so excessively modest and diffident was he, that it amounted almost to an uncontrollable weakness, which to his sensitive spirit, made every effort to sustain in the social world the high position which had been accorded him—a species of martyrdom. In these seasons, when brought into contact with society, he fancied he had found in the sparkling wine-cup, the power that would rid him of the destroyer of his peace. In moments of self-communion, the low, sad pleadings of the voice within, would sting his soul to agony by the fearful picture of blighted hopes, and the wrecking of all the higher purposes of life, for which he had desired to live. Then, in the seclusion of his silent room, would he resolve to break at once the fetters that bound him, never more to violate his better self, never again to touch the exhilarating poison, though he should be tongue-tied forever. Thus he felt, and thus resolved, while alone, in the sanctity of his meditative hours.

Upon the strength of these resolutions he would have declined the invitation on the present occasion, but a moment's reflection convinced him of the necessity of accepting it, as he could make no reasonable excuse, and his honourable nature shrank from the meanness of coining one. Then, too, he felt sure that the beautiful Alice Walton would be there; and to gaze into the depth of her soft blue eyes, to listen to the sweet tones of her lute-like voice, and catch the light of one of her revivifying smiles, would have impelled him to incur even *greater risks* than were involved in the case before him.

But the first hours of salutations being over, as the excitement subsided, poor Ernest began to feel that old unconquerable diffidence settling upon him like an incubus, paralyzing every attempt to render himself agreeable to those around him. With a desperate effort to unloose his tongue, he offered some common-place remark, for which he hated himself the next moment, and as a last resort, in the

chagrin of the moment, he grasped the wine cup that had stood untasted at his side; and while a young lady near was waiting a reply to some light jest she had passed him, he pledged her health and that of his lady companion, and drank the insidious poison that soon—operating like magic upon his delicate organism—gave freedom to his speech, and added brilliancy to his naturally glowing thought. His voice grew rich and melodious, as he threw off brilliant scintillations of wit, or uttered choice sentiments mingled with deep pathos or quiet humour; and for the remainder of the evening was the star of an admiring circle that were charmed with the originality of his thought and the eloquence of his sentiments.

But alas for Ernest! Mortified and dejected, he sought his lonely pillow, not to sleep, but to brood over the painful necessity of his being, that had again impelled him to sacrifice principle to expediency, and to deplore the presence of that hateful power that still kept an iron grasp upon him! Surely not to be envied was he—the wretched, the helpless slave of excitement!

And little did the gay, young heiress think of the suffering she had caused *one* heart, as with proud complacency she thought of the success of her party, and exulted in the consciousness of having secured the heart-homage of the noble, the aristocratic De Lacy, to whom she had long been seriously attached. She could not realise to what an almost fearful extent we are indeed our brother's keeper, and that her hand had planted a thorn in the pathway of a brother, which, if not destroyed, would ruin his happiness, his reputation and usefulness in life.

CHAPTER II.

Turn we now to a quiet sitting room of one of those suburban villas that so gracefully blend metropolitan elegance with sylvan simplicity. Within that balcony sits the fair Alice Walton, gazing intently forth from the open window, at the western sky, now deepening with the sombre hues of approaching twilight. Silently the night shadows were gathering over the earth, while the purple hue on the distant hill-tops grew fainter and fainter, and finally merged into a leaden shade; then gradually deepened into the surrounding darkness, and more and more like a marble face grew the fair countenance of the absorbed maiden, as it gleamed out, so pure, so delicately chiselled in each perfect outline, surrounded by the dim shadows of night.

"My daughter," at length spoke Mrs. Walton, for this was none other than the mother of sweet Alice.

The fair face turned quickly, then rising, Alice placed the volume on a table at hand, and, sitting down by her mother, said: "Your pardon! I did not know you were near me, you must have entered the room, quite like a fairy."

"Nay, dear, you it is that have been in fairyland, and thus lost all knowledge of things around you. I was about asking you if you had observed any change in Mr. Ernest lately, you have been much in his company, you know?"

Annie started as from a dream, and stammered, "I—I—do not understand you, mamma." And in another instant added warmly, "I am sure he is all that is noble and attractive in person and manners!"

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, with a touch of sadness in voice. "He certainly possesses rare mental endowments and a highly cultivated intellect, and from this very fact, is in great danger of being ruined by the constant adulation of admiring friends. Besides," she added, "this is an unreasonable world, too apt to deify its favourites; and after setting them up on the very pinnacle of perfection, far higher than mortality can ever reach, requiring of them an amount of labour corresponding with their elevation—efforts, which no human organism can long sustain."

The fair girl's heart beat quickly as she listened, while Mrs. Walton, in a tone of tender solicitude continued: "I am no stranger, my daughter, to the deep interest you cherish for Ernest; I have watched your intimacy, have marked your growing fondness for him, that perhaps, all unconsciously has been drawing your affections towards him. And I have seen how tenderly he has looked upon you, have seen with what devotion his every glance and act towards you were characterised. A mother's eye, Alice, is quick to detect any thing connected with the interest of a beloved child; and of

late I have mingled more in society, that I might have a better opportunity of judging of his character than his occasional visits here, or his extending fame, could give. But not until now have I felt that it would be proper for me to open the subject with you; for to-day I have received from him a note requesting permission to address you upon a subject in which he declares is involved the happiness of his life." . . . . . "But much, dear Alice, as I admire Mr. Ernest's splendid talents, and love his many amiable qualities, there is one weakness, which, if I mistake not, is his, and which, if not soon overcome, will finally result in the ruin of his bright hopes."

"What mean you?" gasped Alice, with throbbing heart; "surely Ernest is the very soul of honour!" And the fair head drooped sadly, while warm tear-drops gathered upon the trembling lashes.

"Yes, dear, he is all to appearance that your fondest thoughts might picture, it is only against *himself* that I think he is sinning, and that, too, perhaps, unconsciously; but a mother's eye, sharpened by a somewhat extensive experience with persons of his temperament, has led me to observe with a watchful scrutiny, the career of these gifted ones, and detect any tendency to self-indulgence, which is too often the besetting sin of such noble, impulsive natures. Alice, I feel confident that Mr. Ernest depends upon *stimulants* in a great measure, for that strength, which over-tasked nature ever refuses to give, unless wrung from her in this way, and which, in the end, cannot but re-act upon the system by an utter prostration of strength, or settled imbecility of mind."

Alice shuddered, and clasped her mother's hand, while she continued in a low, earnest tone: "Much, my darling, as I prize your happiness, I should dread your union with such a one. Ask yourself, Would you peril your hopes by uniting your destiny with a man addicted to this habit—a habit which to one of his temperament, seldom releases its hold, but increases with years. Do not tremble so, my dear, you remember Uncle Harvey?"

Alice pressed her hand, but could not speak. "Genius with him proved his ruin, and thus has it been with many a son of song. Of how many, possessing God-like powers, might the same sad histories be told? Gifted with so much, they too often ask for more than human powers, and at last, from being over-tasked so long, the re-action commences, and they sink away from the earth in the very morning of life, leaving for surviving mortals, a sad lesson of the abuse of heaven's choicest gifts."

"But do you really think, mamma, that Mr. Ernest depends so much upon the excitement of the wine-cup for those brilliant conversational powers which I never saw equalled? I never once thought of it! surely it *cannot be!* He has too much self-respect to indulge too freely," faltered Alice, in reply.

"I would that my suspicions were unfounded my dear, but convince yourself. You will have an opportunity to observe more closely to-morrow evening at Mrs. Landon's. I have written him not to mention the subject of his attachment to you, until hearing from me again. But oh! my daughter! in the blandishments of his really attractive presence, and with your own sympathies strongly enlisted in his behalf, do not suffer yourself to be deceived."

"And what then, mother! would you advise me to cast his love away for ever? If I find spots upon the sun, must I refuse its light, and dwell in darkness?"

This was said in a beseeching voice that melted into a whisper, and the sweet face was raised with an appealing look, that shone from her soul-full eyes with a subdued light, which the rays of the rising moon, now streaming through the apartment, fully revealed.

"No, dear! I would not ask so great a sacrifice, but I would have you save him! I would have you prove his better angel to win him from the brink of the fearful precipice that is yawning before him."

"Oh, mother! exclaimed the now weeping girl, "I am so weak, and feel, while in his presence, my own insignificance so much, what influence can I exert? How can I save him from this destroyer?"

Mrs. Walton bent fondly over the bowed form of her daughter, and with a gentle caress, replied: "Trust your own strong affection for him, Alice, to assist

you in the work. Loving you with all the fervour of a noble nature, one word fitly spoken, or even a look of mild reproach may arouse him from this delusive dream. Let your own heart dictate the course you are to pursue. And think of it, Alice, what a blessed work is that of a noble soul redeemed from a slavery as dreadful as it is unceasing."

"Yes, I *will* try!" exclaimed Alice with a burst of enthusiasm, while her countenance was lighted up with a glow of high resolve, as with clasped hands she reverently raised her eyes to heaven, and said with pious fervour, "God help me to be true to duty!" His manly avowal of attachment, thrilled her soul with a new and strange delight; but the darker shade of the picture, which careful reflection upon the scenes in which they had mingled together, led her to feel was but too true, filled her heart with sad forebodings, that made her shudder and weep, and then drew near the throne of Grace, an humble suppliant seeking for strength and light. Gradually a holy strength pervaded her soul, and sweet peace folded its wings above her pillow, and soft as the breath of gentle zephyr, sleep, that balm of nature, stole over her senses.

CHAPTER III.

A strange dream had Alice Walton that night, and all day a subdued light played around her countenance. This was not unnoted by her mother's watchful eye, but she made no remark upon the conversation of the last evening, only as she kissed her that night after her toilet was arranged for the party, she said, "Be faithful to your trust my daughter." Alice pressed her hand, while a smile of grateful acknowledgment lighted up her face; and tripping lightly down stairs, met Mr. Ernest who was waiting for her in the parlour. Never before had she looked so lovely, thought Ernest, as leaning upon his arm, they passed around the brilliantly-lighted drawing rooms of Mrs. Landon. The low, tremulous voice, the confiding look, told his wildly beating heart, the hopeful nature of his suit, and an intensity of conscious happiness, filled his soul. The hours flew rapidly, when a call to the refreshment room, set the whole company in motion.

"Now," thought Alice, "is my time," as, with a smile, Ernest proffered her a glass of wine, and proposed drinking her health. "Nay," she said, in a low thrilling voice, "I will never taste it more." And with an earnest look she raised her eyes to his; a deep flush overspread his face, as he met her gaze with an anxious, inquiring glance, which was succeeded by a deadly pallor as he set down the goblet, after merely touching his lips to it.

Calls for toasts were now heard, and echoed from side to side, met with no response from Ernest, who, ill at ease, was endeavouring to rouse himself from the stupor into which that pleading look of Alice seemed to have thrown him. Being bantered for his abstraction, he at length offered a sentiment, but not with his usual brilliancy; and pleading a headache, declined partaking wine that evening. A heavy restraint rested upon him during the remaining hours, while he vainly sought to rally his sinking powers; and it was with a feeling of relief, that he emerged into the air again, and silently accompanied his fair charge to her home. On parting with her at the door, he said, "Forgive me, Miss Walton, my seeming inattentions the last hour. I believe I am not quite myself to night."

Alice held out her hand to him, with a confiding look, and with a convulsive pressure he murmered, "God bless you!" There was a tear in the eye of Alice as she uttered a gentle good night! Not a word had Ernest breathed to Alice of the love he bore her, but waited in silence the message from Mrs. Walton, which was to destroy or bless his fond hopes. The long wished for note came at last, and placing as it did his happiness in the hands of his beloved Alice, it was with a trembling heart that he sought her presence, to learn his destiny from her lips.

Once alone with the beautiful being around whom entered the deep love of his passionate nature, he found words of eloquence, such as they only can use whose hearts' happiness depends upon their successful pleading. And as Alice listened with palpitating heart, the tell-tale blush, and downcast eye, revealed the answering love she felt for the manly heart by her side; and at length, in reply to his earnest protestations of a life-long affection, uttered in low, thrilling tones, she said with a faltering voice, which

gradually grew stronger in the intensity of her interest as she proceeded, "I know your noble soul too well, to think you aught but sincere when you say you could make any sacrifice for my happiness. But, much as I feel honoured by your preference, there is one obstacle to the union you so much desire, which even my strong love for you cannot remove. You only can do this, and by your own act, make my heart as intensely happy as my affection for you is strong."

"Say but the word, dearest, and if not beyond my human powers, it shall be accomplished. There is nothing in the way of honourable trial and exertion, which I would not dare for thy sweet sake."

And he gazed down into her eyes with a look of unutterable tenderness. With a trembling heart Alice replied:

"I had a strange dream the other night that haunts me like a spell. Will you have patience while I tell it?"

"Anything from your sweet lips," said Ernest, fondly drawing her towards him. Gently disengaging herself from his caress, with a tremulous voice, she continued:

"I dreamed I was travelling through a quiet valley, surrounded by all that was beautiful and attractive in nature and art. The air was redolent with the perfume of sweetest flowers, and the melody of singing birds. *Your* form was ever before me, beckoning me on to meet you, but my feet seemed very heavy, and you still remained in advance, clothed with a more than earthly beauty. Presently you reached the margin of a deeply flowing river, whose broad surface was thickly strewn with gorgeous-hewed flowers. Here we met, and as you clasped me to your heart, and whispered sweet words of affection in my ear, I felt a strange thrill creep over me from the dark waves beneath, and to my horror saw your feet turned toward the treacherous waters. In vain I implored you not to tempt the dangerous element; you insisted upon trying the dark flood for the purpose of gathering some of the bright blossoms, with which to deck my hair, rather than to pass on through the shaded path, which I vainly besought you to follow. Already had you descended to the brink, and stepping forward, began plucking the flowers within your reach. Almost frantic, I rushed to the water's edge, where I saw you sinking slowly down, your eyes intently fixed upon a golden star-flower, which you were striving to grasp; steadily rose the waves until I could only see the diamond cross upon your breast glittering above the fast rising waters. Then you faltered, grew pale, and while I stood transfixed with terror, an angel whispered to me, 'Now stretch forth your hand and fear not!' Quick as thought I sprang forward, and endowed with supernatural strength, grasped you hand, and drew you towards me chill and pale, but safe at last, just as a huge wave swept over the spot. Trembling in every nerve, with the cold drops standing upon my brow, I awoke, calling your name. And now tell, oh! me, shall my dream prove prophetic? From the promptings of an angel voice, shall I indeed, weak and frail as I am, save you from—what?"

"By God's help, you shall!" answered the deep voice of Ernest, and rising suddenly, exclaimed: "I swear before high heaven, never to tempt the dark stream again, though it be strewn with flowers more beautiful than earth can give."

And sinking down before her, in thrilling tones continued: "Oh! Alice, beautiful one! be indeed my guardian spirit, and I shall yet be saved from the terrible fate that in my better moments I feel sooner or later awaits me. Your own pure soul has led you to see me as I am, and you of all my friends, have had the courage to warn me of my danger. Your power shall exorcise the demon of excitement, that holds me in her thrall, and then ——" He added in tremulous tones, "when at length redeemed, may I prove worthy of your love?"

Alice did not reply, but with a sweet look of confiding love, placed both hands in his, and clasping her to his heart, Ernest imprinted upon her pure brow, one passionate kiss. Then rising, with a fervent "heaven's blessing rest upon you!" hurried from her presence.

For three days Alice looked in vain for his coming; the next brought a letter of many pages.

The manuscript concluded in these words: "For three days I have shut myself out from the world, and in the solitude of my room, before God and my own conscience,

have endeavoured calmly to look back upon the exciting scenes of my past life, which, for the last year, have been so bewildering in their exquisite enjoyment and harrowing remorse, and in the constant activity of mind, that has been strained to its utmost tension to fulfil the unreasonable demands of an over-exacting public. Fair fame, I have won, but seen now in the light of eternity, at what a fearful cost!

I have endeavoured to scribble every act and circumstance that has led to my present position, and solemnly, as before high heaven, consider well the past, present, and future. The former is irretrievably lost, and only by its solemn teachings can it ever be mine again. But much as I have sinned, in tempting my Creator, by self-indulgence; much as I have suffered by remorse and self-abasement, at the humiliating picture, through many prayers and struggles, I have become truly awakened to my present position, and feel that there is yet hope for me in the future. To you do I owe this more startling resurrection of buried hopes. Your first look of mild reproach, (shall I ever forget it!) lifted the delusive veil, in which my mad folly had enveloped me; and the 'dream' tore every vestige of it from my sight, and showed me, by the vivid light of truth, my exact position. Oh! be thou ever the star of my life, as thou hast already been a beacon light to warn me of the rocks upon which my life was well nigh being dashed! and only when redeemed from my folly, will I come into thy presense, save to breathe farewell!

In two days I embark for a foreign land. After patient deliberation, I have decided this to be my safest course, and one which bearing me away from the too arduons duties that now press upon me, will at once remove the temptation of stimulating my over-tasked powers; and by mingling with the world of mankind abroad, will give me that confidence among my fellows which I so much require."

And thus they parted. Not, however, before exchanging sweet tokens of confiding affection; not without many prayers and tears on the part of sweet Alice, and many words of gentle encouragement and hope, breathed in low, soft tones, that lingered around Ernest's heart, like the rich aroma of fragrant blossoms, filling him with holy joy.

Months rolled on, and though his frequent letters made no boast of conquest, yet to the eye of love, quick to detect the slightest shade of feeling, the chastened spirit, breathing in every line, told of hope, and of the complete victory which he was gradually winning over the destroyer of his life.

Through humble hamlet and thronged cities, he travelled, his awakened soul learning new lessons of truth and beauty, until the pure enthusiasm and the fresher feelings, that made his early life so bright and fair, again returned; and forgetting the applause of men, the watchings and waiting upon the favour of a fickle popular taste, he felt a higher, nobler ambition to labour wholly for God and truth and goodness, and amid the censure or applause of the multitude, to devote himself wholly to the best good of a suffering humanity.

A joyous season was that, when, a year after Ernest parted from sweet Alice Walton, he again pressed her to his heart. Himself a man, disenthralled from the chains of the fell enchanter! And a proud and happy day was it when a few months later, as the bride of Ernest, she listened to the praise so justly bestowed upon him as the "friend of humanity," the "benefactor of his race."

Yet holier was the joy that filled her soul when, in tenderest tones, her husband whispered to her alone: "My own sweet wife, you are indeed the 'better angel' that has raised me to the present position accorded me by the good and gentle. *Your* love was the charm that drove the destroyer from my path This love I have bound around my heart, it shall be an unfading light!"

"God grant it!" softly murmured Alice, with suffused eyes; "but not wholly to me, do you owe your happiness, a mother's watchful eye detected what I, in my weakness could not discover. She it was who first presented to my mind the startling question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The true answer of which I learned in time to exert my feeble influence in your behalf, that I might, by God's blessing, save you from the syren's power."

"Thank God for your success!" he exclaimed, with fervour; and drawing Alice to his heart, he pressed her lips to his, while a beautiful light played over the up-turned brows of the happy pair.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

ON THE SUCCESSFUL LAYING OF IT TO AMERICA.

REV. J. R. BEARD, D.D.

"Replenish the earth and subdude it"—Genesis i., 28

THE time has gone by when it was thought the sign of mental superiority to speak lightly of the Bible as an antiquated book—well enough for dark and superstitious ages, but unworthy of modern enlightenment and obstructive of actual progress. A juster spirit and better knowledge show us now that while in religion the Bible has no equal, it contains great principles, truths, and impulses which bear advantageously on secular matters, and in some cases presents the germ out of which have sprung achievements and triumphs that distinguish and honour the age. The words I have just cited from the earliest page of Scripture offer an instance. Those words are represented as spoken by God. Certainly they are worthy of the Divine lips. As certain is it that they could not have proceeded from the mouth of some semi-barbarian, to whom the neighbouring lake and the distant hill were the limits of the world. The words imply a wide and boundless horizon, a distant future, an ever-growing and spreading population. These things must have been in the Speaker's mind, else the thought of the universal dominion of man could never have been entertained and uttered. Such a thought bespeaks a width, an elevation, and a greatness of mind for the like of which we shall search in vain among the remains of the most cultivated pagan nations. The thought is a prophecy. The utterer foresaw man's future, and in that future he beheld the sons of men covering and ruling the earth. The thought is the more admirable, because at the time when it was conceived the material powers of the outer world were stronger and more prevailing than they are now, and man's mental resources inconsiderable; while, a few strips of country excepted, the earth was given up to the possession of the brute creation. It was almost ludicrous to suppose that the thin and scattered tribes of human beings then on the earth could drive away or exterminate the huge and ferocious animals that held dominion on all sides, could compose the elemental strife around, pass rapid rivers, surmount lofty peaks, and traverse raging seas.

The prophecy, however, would conduce to its own fulfilment. It is not to be told what light and impulse the mere historian of those words in the Bible has given to man. It is scarcely too much to affirm that the adventurousness of our Western civilisation owes its energy and its success to that command. The command foretold man's history. The command declared man's destiny. The command, speaking to the multitude with divine authority, bestowed the earth on man, and bade him take possession of his heritage. No wonder the word was powerful. Wherever the Bible was believed, there was heard as from God an oracle, which said, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and he has given both to the sons of man; let them arise and take possession." That I am not speaking of imaginary influences is clear, if only from the fact that when, in the 15th century, the spirit of maritime enterprise impelled great captains to explore distant parts, the Pope, acting as God's vicegerent, bestowed, in virtue of the words of the text, the countries that might be discovered as a gift on the discoverers. These navigators in consequence went forth as divinely appointed agents to a divinely appointed work. With them the enterprise was a religious duty and a religious task. Hence arose their strength and their perseverance. Their trial was inspiration, their courage was faith. No inferior powers could have sustained them in their arduous labours. In the degree in which they were under the influence of those powers did they reap success. The companions of the great Columbus, when on the voyage which led to the discovery of America, overcome with difficulty, and borne up only by earthly considerations, yielded to fear and refused to proceed. Their confidence and their hopes went but little beyond what their eyes saw; their thoughts and imaginings were not directed to the achievement of a bold deed, still less to the accomplishment of a divine command, but to the speedy acquisition of riches, to bodily well-being, to sensual enjoyment. The Eastern shores of India, the fabled land of gold, they hoped to reach, there to enrich themselves with pearls and precious stones, to

revel for a time amid the fruits and natural gifts of the land, and then to return home and enjoy their treasures in peace. But now when they saw themselves in their crazy vessels in the midst of the sea, when the wind was bearing them forcibly in the direction opposite to that they wished to keep; when the hope of land which had been excited, remained unfulfilled, their confidence sank and they grew first troublesome and then mutinous. The flesh rose against the spirit, but happily the spirit was too strong for the flesh. Columbus filled with a higher power, cherished nobler aims. Seeing with the eye of faith he descried far over the waters the goal of the voyage which was hidden from the others. He had a surer guide than the compass, the strong trust of a religious heart in God's favour and help; he felt impelled by an Almighty hand to achieve a triumph big with issues and advantages for all races and all generations. An irresistible impulse, like the instinct which drives and directs the migratory bird, urged him on and enabled him to unite the Eastern Continent of the globe with the Western, and so to inaugurate a new era of civilization. That which filled his associates with dread, the speed with which his vessels were carried over the ocean, inspired him with joy, for his thoughts were not backward but forward; hence the gale led him on like a messenger from heaven; his firm and confident hope kept his eye fixed on the promised land, and so bore him in person to the desired shore. The same impulse has not ceased its operation to the present hour. Society is still accomplishing the divine command, "fill the earth and subdue it."

In one line of its operations it is impossible to mistake the influence of the Bible—I allude to the missionary enterprise. The spirit of Christianity is cosmopolitan;—it seeks to "fill the earth and subdue it." The command which Jesus gave to his apostles was, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations." The gospel is of necessity aggressive and invasive. It aims at universal dominion. It can never stop until it has made the earth one fold under one shepherd. So far therefore as society is under Christian impulses, it moves onwards, like the tides of the ocean, from shore to shore, and must finally overspread every land. Accordingly, where is the secluded spot that the foot of a Christian missionary has not trod, or is not pressing to tread?

> To Greenland's icy mountains,
> To India's coral strand,
> To Afric's sunny fountains;
>
> To many an ancient river,
> To many a palmy plain

the glad tidings of glory to God by good will to man, have been borne and are being borne; nor will the message stop

> Till, like a sea of glory
> It spreads from pole to pole.

In another line the flowing forth of this grand influence may not be so obviously of a religious nature. Science may seem to have a right to claim the credit of our more recent triumphs over the earth. "Surely," it may be said, "the steamship and the railway car are scientific triumphs. Is it not the hand of science that has just laid a path for the lightning of speech from Ireland to Newfoundland?" These achievements *are* the work of science. Not the less however are they religious results. Science is only society in one phase of its activity, and society moves and must move according to its great internal and even latent impulses. At the present hour the deepest and the strongest impulses of society come from the universalising spirit of the Christian religion. The Bible is striking the electrical forces of its great humanising principles through the frame of the social world, just as the telegraph machines are darting the light of man's will from West to East and from East to West.

For myself, I do not like the tendency there is to separate science from religion. Science and religion are twin sisters, the eldest of God's children, and the common benefactors of humankind. Sent on earth by the Almighty Father, they have ever been doing God's work, and are now, more than before, combining their wondrous agencies for the general good. Science, so far as it is real science, does but expound God's works, and place God's resources under human control. If it is God who "rides on the lightning and directs the storm," it is equally God which gives power to man to outride the storm and to direct the lightning. Could Franklin have drawn lightning from the clouds

except with the divine concurrence? Can the Queen of England and the President of the United States speak to each other as if face to face, through an interval of thousands of miles apart, from the direct co-operation of the Universal Spirit? While science thus makes God and man one in working, religion pours into society those living currents which fill the spirit of man with the spirit of God, and move the earth with levers which have their point of support in heaven. Science informs society with knowledge; religion inspires society with power. Impulse comes from religion, while science bestows direction. The one is as necessary as the other. As we need the moving breeze no less than the quickening sun, if we are to enjoy the abundance of a ripened harvest, so must we have the gales of religion and the rudder of science if our bark is to reach its destined port. By no means refuse or ignore the aid of either of these great powers. Let no word of disparagement to either escape from your lips. In science acknowledge light from the Infinite Light-giver, and in religion bless the Almighty hand that bestows its own favors on man; while in every new combination of the two reverently behold the beneficent working of the one central mind of the universe, all whose goings forth are ministrations of good.

Such a combination the nations of the earth are witnessing at this moment in the pulsation to and fro, from Europe and America, of the living fluid of instantaneous communication. There is a pause throughout the world at the present hour. India ceases to report bloodshed and mutiny. The lips of our senators are silent. National misunderstandings have come to an end. National rivalries cease. It is as if every eye were intent on the extremities of that wondrous cable, and as if every ear were listening to catch its miraculous utterances. I am not surprised at this universal interest. Society is now conscious of its own movements, and more sensitively alive to its own interests than at any previous hour. And never before did any event take place so replete with consequences affecting the world at large. Great things have been done to open the several parts of the earth one to another. The dispersion of the families of man at Babel, the emigration of Abraham, the conquests of Cyrus, the diffusion of the Jews in Babylonia, the march of Alexander from the Haliacmon to the Indus, the voyage of Nearchus from the Hydaspes to the Euphrates, the invasions of the northern barbarians, the maritime Explorations of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, the Arctic explorations of the nineteenth, missionary and commercial enterprises of the present day, have done, and are doing much to lay open the earth, bring its several parts near each other, and unite them in bonds of a common interest; but each of these great movements, nay, all combined, are of less consequence for those most desirable results than the one success which has just been achieved. That success is but the first of a series of triumphs which will put a girdle, or rather a network of instantaneous communication all round the earth. Already a scheme is on foot to unite Europe and China; and ere a few years are gone, those tell-tale wires will run from the extreme north to the extreme south of the two Americas, on either side covering the breadth of the land at a thousand points; and connecting all the great islands of the globe with the Western Continent, and with this, our Eastern Continent, which on its part will be intersected all over its surface in every direction. When all this is achieved how inconceivably great will be the power of thought. The present thunder of the first of newspapers will then be but as a whisper in a hurricane. Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, is said to have had the rocks around and under his palace so hollowed and formed as to act as a huge ear, to convey to his own suspicious mind every word his courtiers might let fall reflecting on his doings or dangerous to his power. An ear of incomparably wider compass and more rapid communication will be the private apartment of the great autocrats of our periodical press, where each one will sit and hear what is said and done every hour in all the great centres of human society. The power which must hence ensue defies the present forms of language to describe.

Of the quality of that power I am very hopeful. I know very well that rapidity of communication is not of necessity power for good. If the electric spark has power to revive, the electric flash may also destroy.

Not *how* it is sent, but *what* is sent, is the question we are concerned to ask in regard to every communicated influence. The quality of his thought, not the rapidity of his utterance, determines the influence of the orator. Now, if I held that human nature is thoroughly corrupt, I should deplore as the triumph of evil the triumph in which I rejoice as the triumph of good. As is man's character so is man's thought, and if man's character is vile his thought must be ruinous. What, then, but overwhelmingly ruinous could be such an increase of the power of man's thought as that on the eve of which we stand? Imagine, if you can, the devastation and terror which would be caused by the pouring forth of the volcanic lava of a heart so desperately wicked as orthodoxy makes the heart of man to be, through all the channels about to be opened by the electric telegraph. Painful would be my state of mind in thinking of the future were I compelled to take the less dark and gloomy view of the human character held ordinarily by the shrewd and knowing men of the world. If selfishness is the one universal impulse, then this new power can but intensify selfishness; and if selfishness is intensified, society will run great risk of being torn in pieces by internal collision an conflict. But I entertain a brighter, and therefore a more hopeful, view of the predominant character of my fellow-beings. I believe that in society there is, after all, a large preponderance of good. In domestic life the preponderance is very great, and domestic life throws its soft lights and its warm breezes into the heart of society at large. Nay, the human bosom in general has its generosities, its nobilities, its loves, its sense of right, its regard to justice, its instincts of good—all of which, except when self is roused and made perverse, run in the right direction, and, like the streams, enrich the soil through which they flow. I have great confidence in the power of thought, in the ascendancy of right reason, in the predominance of good feeling; because I hold that these qualities of our souls are God's movements and influences therein; because I believe in God and Providence, and believe, therefore, that goodness is supreme in heaven and is tending to supremacy on earth; and because I believe that Christianity is, after all drawbacks, a great power—a power of surpassing efficacy in the world. With these assurances I have a perfect faith and a complete trust in human intelligence, and the divine government. Truth is mighty and will prevail. Mind is in its very nature benign, for God the central mind is love as well as power, and mind is on its way to the dominion of the universe. Whatever, then, augments the power of mind is, in my judgment, a power for good.

That power, as now augmented by the electric telegraph, has a threatening aspect:—but on what does it frown? It frowns on evil—it frowns on evil of all kinds. It frowns on slavery, on tyranny, on bad government, on social injustice, on gross inequalities in our daily life, on the wrongs of women, on the wrongs of the uneducated, on the wrongs of the neglected child, on the wrongs of the mis-treated prisoner. The genius who may, for the sake of illustration, be supposed to preside over the achievement which is now filling so many hearts with joy and hope,—that genius looks down on England and America, which it has now made one, with a placid, calm and benignant countenance, conscious of having conferred on both countries a measureless good. Could we, however, read in the depth of her mind, we should find there a part full of solicitude and pain; for she knows that the best benedictions she has to bestow can come only through trial, conflict, and war. How else can the foul blot be expunged, the huge crime be expiated, which the United States still, alas! cherishes as the not least valued of her domestic institutions? And how else can the many lesser—lesser but still grave and serious—evils of our own country be put away? How else can that monster evil intemperance be rooted out? However, if darkness must pervade the light, it is a comfort to think that the coming of the light is certain. Already the day begins to dawn. I know it by that fresh gentle breeze; I know it by those streaks of grey light,—the sun is rising, the good time is coming. Ere very long that electric spark will bear from shore to shore the joyful messages:—"Slavery is no more," "tyranny is no more," "superstition is no more;" "for the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[We freely offer a few lines of space to any of our friends for the *gratuitous* advertisement of any of their writings designed to improve the religious, moral, and social life of the world.—We beg to state, for the information of our readers in general, as many have written to know our circulation, that our monthly issue is two thousand four hundred copies. We hope our readers will aid us in doubling this number, next volume.]

THE DIVINITY AND ATONEMENT OF JESUS CHRIST scripturally expounded, in answer to misrepresentations of Unitarian views on those subjects, espoused by Dr. Thomas Mc'Crie. By J. R. Beard, D.D. This pamphlet contains one of the clearest statements we have ever read of our views on these two questions. All who wish to see the origin of the popular doctrine of atonement will do well to read this pamphlet.—The price is 9d.—Whitfield, London.

HYMNS OF DEVOTION AND DUTY, collected and arranged by Joseph Bateman, LL.D.—We never had in our hands so cheap a collection of hymns. We have sometimes heard of one hundred songs for a penny; here we have one hundred and eight of the best hymns of our language for *one penny*. They are adapted for religious, moral, and social gatherings, as well as helps for private devotion.—Routledge, London.

THE UNITARIAN LIBRARY.—Eighteen months ago we called attention to the commencement of this library. Since that time we have read many of these volumes and now acknowledge our obligations to Dr. Beard for this issue of books;—"Illustrative of the Bible"—"Illustrative of Christian Doctrine"—"Practical and Devotional Works"—"Biographical, Controversial and Standard Works, and Books for the Young."—The supplemental list for 1858 contains ALGEN'S HISTORY OF THE CROSS, 1s. SEVEN STORMY SUNDAYS, or instructive and devotional reading for persons kept away from public worship, 3s. 6d. SEARS'S FOREGLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY, 3s. 6d. BIBLE NEWS, by Noah Worcester, and other invaluable works, a catalogue of which can be obtained from S. S. Laing, 2, Camp Terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester, by whom all orders are executed, *carriage free*, except on publications specified to the contrary.

APPLYING PREACHING.

DEACON M. was an honest old codger, a kind, obliging neighbour, and a good church-going Christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the full extent; but, alackaday! this pillar of the church was, at times, a little "shaky"—in fact, the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow." One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he would preach a sermon to them that afternoon touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them; and that he hoped they would listen attentively, and not flinch if he should happen to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbours "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice, with the question—"Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded this inquiry; when up rose Deacon M., his face radiant from copious draughts of his favourite drink at his noontide meal, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked upon the parson and replied, in a piping and tremulous voice—

"Here I am."

Of course a consternation among the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and winding up by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself again.

"And now," out spoke the preaching-man, "where is the hypocrite?"

A pause—but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this or that man; but the most glances seemed directed to the 'squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was levelled, or where it should be aimed, and, rising once more, leaned over his pew rail to the 'squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed—

"Come, 'squire, why don't you get up. I did, when he called on me."

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE ARE GREATER THAN THE WONDERS OF ROMANCE.

Gold may be spread over silver wire so thin that fourteen million films of it would make a pile only one inch thick; while fourteen million films of common writing paper would form a pile three quarters of a mile thick. Gold may be beaten so thin that one twentieth millionth part of a grain is visible to the naked eye, and one fourteen hundred millionth part through a microscope. Animalcules have been discovered so small that 1,000,000 would not exceed a grain of sand, and 500,000,000 could sport in a drop of water. Yet each of these must have blood vessels, nerves, muscles, circulating fluids, &c., like larger animals. What, then, must be the almost infinite littleness of a particle of these fluids! Yet chemical solution carries this division of matter still further. Thus it has been demonstrated that an atom of lead must weigh less than one hundred and ten thousand millionth part of a grain. The bulk of the atom of lead must be less than the eight hundred and eighty-trillionth part of a cubic inch. But it seems almost useless to make such statements; for who can form any correct idea of things so inconceivably minute!

If, however, we regard light as a material substance, results still more astonishing follow. It can be shown that, in such a case, the particles of light cannot weigh more than one millionth part of a grain; for if larger, they would destroy the organs of vision. On the same principle it has been calculated that the particles of light that flow from a candle in a second are more than six billion times as many as the grains of sand in the whole earth, if one cubic inch contains one million. It is a demonstrated fact, for instance, that light moves at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second; and who can conceive of vibrations spreading on all sides of a luminous body with such a velocity?

But, still farther, philosophers suppose they have demonstrated that the different colours in nature are produced by a difference in the number of vibrations, in the luminiferous ether, and that in a single second of time, the eye is affected by these movements as follows:—

In red,	477,000,000,000 of times.
In orange,	506,000,000,000 of times.
In yellow,	535,300,000,000 of times.
In green,	577,000,000,000 of times.
In blue,	622,000,000,000 of times.
In indigo,	658,000,000,000 of times.
In violet,	599,000,000,000 of times.

Is it strange that man looks upon light with an awe approaching devotion, and that Milton should exclaim:—

> "Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven, first born,
> Or of the eternal, coeternal beam!"

I will only add, in this connection, a statement of La Place, respecting attraction:—"I have ascertained," says he, "that between the heavenly bodies all attractions are transmitted with a velocity which if it be not infinite surpasses several thousand times the velocity of light." His annotator estimates it as eight million of times greater than that of light.

The diameter of the earth's orbit, is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centauri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second. By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130 millions of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million millions of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbour. And, if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love, and labour in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull, hazy, speck of light in the great milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man?—We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

It does one good to think long and deeply on these stupendous facts. By no other means accessible to us can we so well climb toward a just apprehension of the greatness and majesty of the Lord our God. These measurements and estimates seem as a ladder let down to us in our narrow prison-house, up which we may ascend to look abroad a little way over the vast dominions of our great King!

To this contemplation the Bible itself refers us as our means of knowing the greatness and might of our God.

"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number; he calleth them all by their names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power, no one faileth." Isaiah xl. 26. "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."—Isaiah xl. 22. "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens. Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power, who can understand?"—Job xxxvi. 7, 11, 13, 14.

FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

"*I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth.*"—Daniel, 10th ch., 21 v.

"*For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we of Christ.*"—2nd Corin. 2nd ch., 17th v.

CHRIST NOT GOD.

THERE is not any proposition capable of such full and clear proof as the one before us. For every one text that can be cited to prove that Moses, David, Peter, or Paul is not God, fifty proof texts can be advanced to show that Christ is not God. We proceed under the following heads, and give only a *few* of the texts which warrant the ground we have taken:—

Because Christ most clearly showed he was not God.—The Jews who were seeking harm against him said, "he made himself God;" Christ immediately refuted the calumny,—"Jesus answered them is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods; if he called them gods unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken; say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God."—Jn. x, 34, 36. He whom Christ addressed in prayer, he addressed as, "THE ONLY TRUE GOD."—Jn. xvii, 3. "He came from God, and went to God."—Jn. xiii, 3. "I came out from God."—Jn. xvi, 27. "And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God."—Mark x, 18. "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama, sabacthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—Matt. xxvii, 46. "Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God, and your God."—Jn. xx, 17.

Because the New Testament in numerous passages declares that God, is the God and Father of Jesus Christ.—"The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is blessed for evermore, knoweth that I lie not."—2 Cor. xi, 31. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."—Eph. i, 3. "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory may give unto you the spirit of wisdom."—Eph. i, 17. "That ye may with one mind, and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. xv, 6. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."—1 Pet. i, 3.

Because the Scripture teaches us there is but ONE GOD, *and in the same sentence affirms that Christ is not that God.*—"To us there is but one God, the Father of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. viii, 6. "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 Tim. 2, 5. "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all."—Eph. iv, 4.

Because the Scriptures testify that Jesus grew and increased in favour with God. How could he then be God?—"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."—Luke ii, 52. "And the child (Jesus) grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him."—Luke ii, 40.

Because the high names, and offices, and greatness of Christ, are said to be given to him by God.—"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."—Philippians ii, I. "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."—Col. i, 19. "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."—Acts ii, 36. "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; the God of our Fathers hath glorified his Son Jesus."—Acts iii, 13. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour."—Acts v, 31.

Because the New Testiment teaches that all power and authority possessed by Christ were given to him by God.—"Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do."—Jn. v, 19. "I can of mine own self do nothing."—Jn. v, 30. "And (God) hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the Church."—Eph. i, 22. "For though he was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God."—2 Cor. xiii, 4. "I have power to lay it (his life) down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."—Jn. x, 18.

Because Jesus Christ says he is inferior and subordinate to the Father.—"My Father is greater than I."—Jn. xiv, 28. "To sit on my right hand and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them, for whom it is prepared of my Father."—Matt. xxii, 23. "But of that day and that hour (of judgement) knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the *Son*, but the Father.—Mark xii, 32. "My Father is greater than all."—Jn. x, 39.

Because Christ worshipped and prayed to God.—"Jesus went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God."—Luke vi, 12. "A that time Jesus answered and said I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth."—Matt. xi, 25. "Jesus prayed, saying, Father if thou be willing remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine be done."—Luke xxii, 42. "Christ in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto HIM that was able to save."—Heb. v. 7, 8.

Because Christ has taught us not to pray to him, but to God.—"In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."—Jn. xvi, 23. "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."—Jn. iv, 23. "As he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, *our Father* which art in Heaven."—Luke xi, 1, 2. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. iii, 14.

Because the very name CHRIST *shows he is not God, but anointed of God.*—"Thou (Christ) hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."—Heb. i. 9. "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good . . . for God was with him."—Acts x, 38. "For of a truth against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed."—Acts iv, 27.

Because Jesus Christ is represented by himself as distinct from God as one witnese in a court is from another.—"It is written in your law, that the testimony of two men is true. I am one who bears witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me."—Jn. viii, 17, 18.

Because in numerous passages of Scripture Christ is represented as appointed Judge of all by God.—"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgement to the Son."—Jn. v, 22. "And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead."—Acts x, 42. "Because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised Him from the dead."—Acts xvii, 31.

Because the name SON OF GOD *shows he is not God.*—"But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."—Matt. xvi, 16. "For he received from God the Father honour and glory when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—2 Peter i, 17. "Of a truth thou art the Son of God."—Matt. xiv, 13.

Because Christ was taught of God the Doctrines he taught to Men."—I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things."—Jn. viii, 28. "Jesus answered them, and said, My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me."—Jn. vii, 16. "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak."—Jn. xii, 49.

Because numerous passages show a clear distinction between God and Christ. "Grace be unto you, and peace from God our father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. i, 1. "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints: Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. i, 7. "Unto Timothy, my son in the faith: Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord."—1 Tim. i, 2. "Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the Church of the Thessalonians in God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. i, 1.—Every New Testament reader knows how numerous are such passages in which the Father only is called God.

Because Christ always declared he was only the sent of God.—"For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him."—Jn. iii, 34. "And he that sent me is with me."—Jn. viii, 29. "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."—Jn. xx, 21. "I am not come of myself but he that sent me is true."—Jn. vii, 28. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."—Jn. vi, 29.

Because the Apostles always speak of Christ as less than God.—"But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God."—1 Cor. xi, 3. "And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—1 Cor. iii, 23. "For he (God) hath put all things under his (Christ's) feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifested he is excepted, which did put all things under him."—1 Cor. xv, 27.

Because Christ is called the Image of God, and an image cannot be that of which it is the likeness.—"Who (Christ) is the image of the invisible God."—Col. i, 15. "Lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."—2 Cor. iv, 4. "Who (Christ) being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person."—Heb. i, 3.

Because the uniform teaching of the Scripture is that God raised Jesus Christ from the dead.—"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses."—Acts ii, 32. "And (ye) killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead."—Acts iii, 15. "Unto you first God having raised up his son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."—Acts iii, 26. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus whom ye slew and hanged on a tree."—Acts v, 30. "And God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power." 1 Cor. vi, 14.

Because the Apostles often speak of Christ as a Man, and in the same sentence show he is not God.—"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him."—Acts ii, 22, "But this man after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God."—Heb. x, 12.

Because Jesus Christ never taught he was God, but most distinctly taught he was a Man, and the Son of Man.—"But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God."—Jn. viii, 40. "Therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—Mark ii, 28.

Because Christ was a Prophet as Moses was a Prophet.—"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren like unto me. . . . I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren like unto thee, and will put my words into his mouth."—Deut. xviii, 15, 18. Stephen testifies that Christ is that prophet. "This is that Moses which said unto the children of Israel, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me."—Acts vii, 37.

Because the Sacred Scriptures represent Christ as coming not to do his own will, but the will of God.—"Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me."—Jn. iv, 34. "For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."—Jn. vi, 38."—"I seek not mine own will but the will of the Father which hath sent me."—Jn. v, 30. "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."—Heb. x, 7.

Because the Scriptures uniformly represent Christ as being at the right hand of God. How then can he be God?—"So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."—Mark xvi, 19. "Hereafter shall the Son of Man sit on the right hand of

the power of God."—Luke xxii, 69. "Therefore being by the right hand of God."—Acts ii, 32.

Because the reign of Christ shall come to an end.—"Then cometh the *end* when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power."—"And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."—1 Cor. xv, 24, 28.

Because the New Testament teaches that Jesus Christ was *born*, had a *mother*, *brothers*, and *sisters*, which things are never affirmed of God: that Christ *wearied*, *slept*, was *tempted*, *hungered*, *thirsted*, and *died*, was made a little *lower* than the angels, which things cannot be affirmed of God. Because the New Testament makes known unto us no other Jesus Christ than this one who suffered these things; and in this Christ we believe: and to say that this Christ was God is equal to saying that God was *born*, *suffered*, and *died*, from which assertions every religious mind should shrink with horror. To say that Jesus Christ was both supreme God and afflicted man destroys the entire teaching of the New Testament, regarding him and "the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus."

Because the whole of the passages adduced for the Deity of Jesus Christ are capable of an easy explanation; and every text supposed to support the doctrine of the Godhead of Christ has been explained by trinitarian theologians, in a different sense from that which supports this doctrine. And because we find it conceded in the commentaries of trinitarians that *our* proof texts cause insuperable difficulties, so that they retire from their own explanations, expressing their dissatisfaction at them, and conceding that these texts are not capable of an easy explanation on their hypothesis; while *their* proof texts are explained away by their own class of expositors.

Because Christ is represented as a Priest. The office of a priest is to minister to God.—Because he is represented as an Apostle appointed of God.—Because he is represented as an Intercessor with God.—Because he is represented as not the *primary*, but *intermediate* agency of the benefits he bestows.—Because he denies that he is possessed of independent existence, omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience.—Because it is expressly stated, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ *God gave to him.*"—Because he is represented as the servant of God.—Because he is represented as receiving honour from God in consequence of doing what pleased God.—Because Christ is represented as having learned obedience by the things which he suffered.—Because St. Paul affirms that Christ now lives unto God and by the power of God.—Because when charged by the Jews with making himself equal with God, he replied, "The son can do nothing of himself."—Because if the salvation of man depends on believing Christ is God, it is curious that Christ never taught he was God to those who surrounded him; but when they professed to understand he was making himself God, or equal with God, he immediately denied these charges, so that they might not regard him in that light.—Because no man hath seen God at any time. This cannot be affirmed of Jesus Christ.—Because had the disciples believed him to be Almighty God, they could not have been so *familiar* with him, *argued* with him, *betrayed* him or *denied him*, and all *fled* from him, and at first *disbelieved* in his resurrection from the dead. If this is an essential doctrine of Christianity, we cannot understand how the disciples knew nothing of it.—Because we never find the Jews charging the *first Apostles* with teaching Christ is God, which every Jew *now* charges on the head of Christian teachers.

SUMMARY OF EVIDENCE.—Because about twenty times God is styled the God of Jesus Christ. Forty times in Scripture is Jesus called a man. Sixty-eight times is God styled the Father of Jesus Christ. Nineteen times is Jesus called a Prophet. Upwards of eighty times is Jesus called the son of man. Fifty-six times the sent of God. The Son of God about one hundred and twenty times. In ninety passages it is declared that all praise and prayers are to be offered up to God. Four hundred and fifty times peculiar epithets are applied to God, none of which are applied to Christ. Thirteen hundred passages show that God is a Being distinct from Jesus Christ. Several thousands of times is the word *Jehovah* applied to God; we have not one clear instance of this sacred name being applied to Jesus Christ. The doctrine, that Jesus Christ is God, is not only without sufficient proof, but opposed by the most ample and clear testimony of the Holy Scriptures. The doctrine of the Deity of Christ has been the source of many of the corruptions now in the Christian Church. Every plant which our Heavenly Father hath not planted must be plucked out. READER, HELP.

HINTS TO MINISTERS.—Many ministers of great promise have prematurely died, in consequence of their own mismanagement of voice. They speak on too high a key from the beginning, not leaving the lungs time to warm up, to bring themselves up to the effort. A good traveller does not start on a trot, when he wants his horse to make a good journey that day. John Newland Maffit could speak with apparently a slight effort at the end of an hour's sermon, loud enough to be heard by thousands; but he always commenced on a low key. His first hymn and prayer were scarcely audible. The next important point is to cool off very gradually before leaving the assembly, when the discourse is ended—very gradually indeed—and then, even in summer time, bundle up well before leaving the house, and walk away quickly. Many an excellent minister has sacrificed life by the neglect of these two precautions.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

I HAVE BEEN TO THY GRAVE TO-DAY, MOTHER.

BY AUSTIN F. EARL.

I have been to thy grave to-day, mother,
Thy favorite roses to plant;
And brightly the sunshine lay, mother,
All over the hillock aslant; [mother,
And the soft balmy breath of spring,
That drowsily drifted along,
From forest and field did bring, mother,
A chorus of rapturous song.

The birds thou didst love in life, mother,
Were warbling soft, liquid and clear;
The warm, dreamy air was all rife, mother,
With sounds would have gladden'd
thine ear:
The merry child-laugh from the cot, mother,
Bird-trillings from each waving stem;
But, alas! I saw thee there not, mother,
And knew not if thou listen'd to them.

On the misty gray hills afar, mother,
That are golden at setting of sun;
In the vale where the deep rumbling car,
mother,
And the bright shining river doth run;
In the rocky and sunless ravine, mother,
Where the streamlet goes musical down,
Singing ever an anthem divine, mother,
All the forests were leafless and brown.

Some twelve months and more have gone
by, mother,
Since thou hast been laid to thy rest;
And I turn from the earth to the sky,
mother,
Where they say is the home of the blest;
That all would be saved not apart, mother,
Was the faith thou didst steadfast
declare;—
And I fully believe in my heart mother,
That thou, with thy loved ones, are
there.

The sky was clear, blue and serene, mother,
With clouds white and fleecy afloat,
Broad expanse of azure between, mother,
From meridian to horizon remote.
As I pierced the empyrean afar, mother,
I expected, almost, to behold
The Redeemed, as at evening the stars,
mother,
Appearing in myriads untold.

When down by thy grave I knelt mother,
The grass all over it was green;
Oh, what my lone heart then felt mother,
Thy spirit, if present, has seen.

The tears that I could not restrain mother,
Fell fast as I planted each rose,
Where lately I bowed me in pain mother,
And saw the earth over thee close.

For, oh! ever lonely and sad, mother,
Were the days that I number'd in youth,
Though faces in smiles were oft clad,
mother,
They gave me not friendship and truth;
And all the loved ones of my life, mother,
Were fickle and false unto me,
And ever I found in the strife, mother,
I had not a friend like to thee.

Forbearing and loving always, mother,
Remembrance each look doth recall,—
I miss thee from the breaking of day, mother,
Until darkness around me doth fall;
Then the night brings thee back in my
dream, mother,
And I listen again to thy voice;
And all as of old doth seem, mother,
In thy presence my heart doth rejoice.

Oh, guard me and guide me aright, mother,
If this is permitted to thee;
For often the day is like night mother,
Since thy presence is hidden from me,—
For, oh, I have no one to love mother,
And I know not of one to love me,
From the heights of the heavens above,
mother,
To the depths of the fathomless sea.

NEW TESTAMENT UNITARIANS.—In a familiar interview one winter in Washington, Judge Story, himself a decided Unitarian, asked Chief Justice Marshall if he believed in the doctrine of the Trinity. The reply was he supposed it was a well-established doctrine of the Church and that he had never seen reason to doubt it. But is the doctrine in the New Testament, asked his friend, and will you examine that book as the legal document and let me know, when we meet next winter, whether yon find it thus revealed. The Chief Justice agreed to the request, and on meeting Judge Story, a twelvemonth afterwards, said, I had expected to find the doctrine taught in the New Testament, but it is not there. Chief Justice Marshall during the remainder of his life was a Unitarian.—*Quarterly Journal.*

NOTICE—Letters, &c., for the Editor, to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

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